Henry often walked straight out of an hotel where an objection was made to Fussie. If he wanted to stay, he had recourse to strategy. At Detroit the manager of the hotel said that dogs were against the rules. Being very tired Henry let Fussie go to the stables for the night, and sent Walter to look after him. The next morning he sent for the manager.

" Yours is a very old-fashioned hotel, isn't it ? "

" Yes, sir, very old and ancient."

" Got a good chef ? I didn't think much of the supper last night; but still—the beds are comfortable enough—I am afraid you don't like animals ? "

" Yes, sir, in their proper place."

" It's a pity," said Henry meditatively, " because you happen to be overrun by rats I"

*' Sir, you must have made a mistake. Such a thing couldn't- -"

*' Well, I couldn't pass another night here without iny dog," Henry interrupted. " But there are, I suppose, other hotels ?"

" If it will be any comfort to you to have your dog with you, sir, do by all means, but I assure you that he'll catch no rat here."

" I'll be on the safe side," said Henry calmly.

And so it was settled. That very night Fussie supped off, not rats, but terrapin and other delicacies in Henry's private sitting-room.

It was the 1888 tour, the great blizzard year, that Fussie was left behind by mistake at Southampton. He jumped out at the station just before Southampton, where they stop to collect tickets. After this long separation, Henry naturally thought that the dog would go nearly

mad with joy when he saw him again. He described to me the meeting in a letter.